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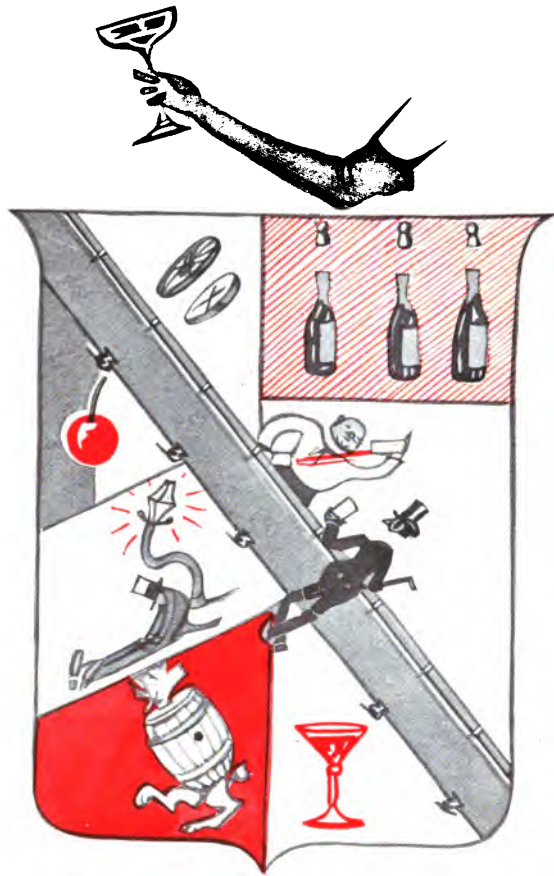
THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L





### THE ROUNDER'S ESCUTCHEON

"Bar" sinister beating it diagonally across a "mixed" field. Champagne rampant. Rounder couchant. Left of rampant bottles, two slices of lemon, indicating that all the world will be a lemon next morning. Red globular object surmounting Rounder couchant commonly known as a "cocktail seed." Canine in barrel on field of red indicates the rush of the growler. Glass in field of white right of growler emblematic of Confucious' statement to effect that "one cocktail in the glass feels better than eighteen in the stomach."

*Around the  
Clock with the  
Rounder ✓*

Dissected into twenty-four timely  
segments along one day's  
journey on Father  
Time's Primrose  
path that goes  
Round and Round  
and

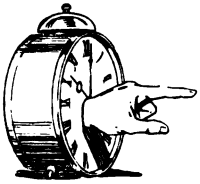
Recklessly Recorded by  
Lewis Allen



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BOSTON MCMX.

936640A

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## JUST A MINUTE

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Before beginning the book read  
the Warning.



## WARNING

IS HEREBY GIVEN to all who propose reading this little volume that there is absolutely nothing in the text to necessitate a warning. It is neither scandalous like the report of a society divorce trial, nor brutal and bloody after the manner of accounts of strikes, race riots and bargain day crushes.

It is true our esteemed fellow citizen speeds up a bit in his red honk wagon ; it is also true that he drinks bubble water and is sufficiently acquainted with several footlight favorites to call them by their real names, but bear in mind, gentle reader, Mr. Rounder never boosted the price of beef, raised the price of milk or formed a trust.

To make certain no one regrets the reading of this small volume, guarantee is hereby given that every one who regrets reading it, is privileged to promptly forget it.

THE PUBLISHERS, et al.

## CORNERING MATCHES

*By A. Rounder*

(Being Mr. Rounder's own narrative concerning this diverting episode in his life as related one morning in the smoking room of the Universal Club.)

"Perk'ns, pull the shades.

"Beastly bother, this daylight getting in ; hurts eyes. What, Harry ?

"Me ? S-s-s-h, not a word. I'm on the way to making a pile that'll make J. D.'s six'r sev'n hundred millions look like—like—why like'r tin dime two miles away.

"Work ? Who, me ? Not 'tall, no manual labor, merely brain work.

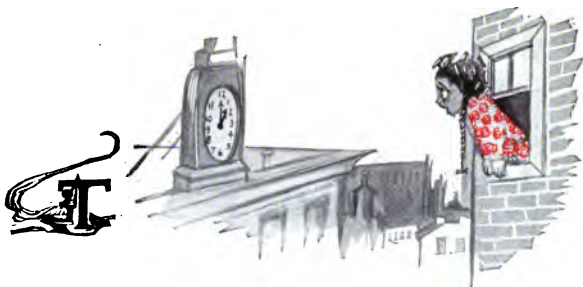
"Eh ? M-m-m ye-e-s, sure, I c'n trust you. Rememb'r, it's a dead secret and my own partic'lar graft, so keep it to yourself.

"I'm going to—but lemme tell you from beginning. Nothing on last ev'ning, dropped into Jacks, Rector's, Martin's, the clubs. Then, for change I dropped into clubs, Martin's, Rector's, Jack's. Going up Broadway, didn't have match for cigarette. Went into cafe, asked for one, man gave me handful.

"Hey, don't go to sleep, I'm coming to exciting part right off. Great idea struck



A R O U N D   T H E   C L O C K   W I T H   T H E   R O U N D E R — 1 P.M.



THE Rounder painfully unglues one eye,  
Blinks at his shoes upon the mantel nigh,  
Then struggles to sit up within his bed  
Only to groan and clasp his throbbing head  
And curse—he's far too wise to wonder why.



Full many a "night before" with laughter  
Is born to mis'ry "the morning after."





## CORNERING MATCHES

me fair'n square. Greates' idea any man ever had. 'S'lutely! 'wonderful idea, marv'lous no one ever thought of it before.

"Wait, wait, you're impatient. Sudd'nly I says to myself, 'Rounder, me boy, perf'ctly wicked waste matches, scand'lous waste. Some day all matches'll be gone. Then what'll we do f'r light when we want to smoke? What'll we do f'r light when chef wants to broil live one? Answ'r me that, Rounder, old boy!' I says to myself.

"I tell you, Harry, 't made me shudder, tears almost come to my 'eyes. Yep, they did. Think of it, Harry!

"That's it, laugh, laugh hard'n hearty. All the world's fools have laughed. People laughed at Noah. What? Laughed 'til water got up to their necks 'n choked them. Think of that, Harry, plain water pouring down yo'r neck! Awful. What? They laughed at Galley Leo or whatever his name was, laughed at C'lumbus, laughed at Morse, laughed whats-his-name, laughed at what-do-you-call-him, laughed at—what? Go on?



**AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER—2 P.M.**

---



**H**E'S nearly dressed, and in a better mood,  
Admits the old world doesn't seem so crude,  
And for his man he yelps a lusty call  
To hustle up and fetch his op'ning ball  
That he may get the other eye unglued.



The first glad drink upon the darkest day  
Will drive the thickest hunk of gloom away.



## CORNERING MATCHES

"Don't laugh. 'Twas terrible idea, no matches. Men wasting 'em ev'rywhere. Then my brill'ant idea came.

"'Rounder, me boy' says I, 'Rounder, get 'em. save 'em, keep 'em, keep on gettin' 'em. Everybody foolish, they give 'em away. You get 'em. Bye 'n bye all matches gone. All wood used up in plup—no, in lullup, no, I mean pulp—all wood used up. No wood no matches. No matches no smoke, no fire, no heat. You get 'em, Rounder, and they'll have to come to you.'

"That's what I told myself, Harry. See idea? I corner all matches in world. Few years I'll have thousand storehouses full of 'em. All other matches gone, they'll come to me. See? They'll come to me.

"'Please, Mister Rounder' they'll say, 'please sell us a match!'

"See? I'll sell seven matches each week to each man. Charge 'em five dollars a match. That'll be \$35 a week. Lemme see, eighty million in country, average five to family that'll make weekly income of \$648,000,000, make more'n a week than Rock'feller's



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**AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER—3 P.M.**

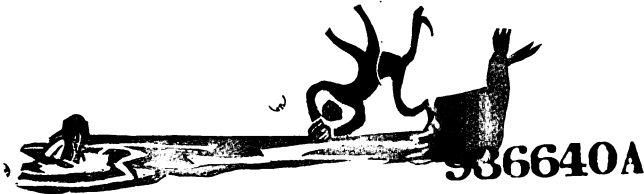
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**H**IS man brings in a fat-edge chop at first  
And straightway is he violently cursed,  
"Some toast and just a bit of wrinkled wheat,  
You blith'ring chump, is all I want to eat ;  
Much food, you know, will spoil a corking thirst!"



He who would eat a little bit each day  
Can better stand and drink the night away.



**536640A**



## CORNERING MATCHES

whole wad, lemme see, in a year that'll make — how much fifty-two times six hundred forty-eight millions, Harry?

"Eh? What? No good on figures? Wait, lemme reckon, fifty-two times—eh? What's that? What'd I do?

"That's where my brain work got in. Un'erstand? Brain work. I went back Jack's, Rector's, Martin's, all clubs, asked for match, took handful each place. Wandered up 'n down Broadway, went over Forty-second way, got on Ninth avenue, went up on Columbus end the Avenue, decided cross over through Park 'n come down Fifth av'nue, take all s'loons, cafes on way, getting fistful matches everywhere. Had all pockets full, got 'em full now. See?

"Not bad f'r one night's work? Eh, what? Hey Harry? 'N say, Harry, ev'ry place man handed me han'ful matches I chuckles 'n grins 'n I says to myself 'Poor boob, thinks I'm foolish, A-las 'n 'las, I pity you! I says to m'self, 'I pity you. I'm corn'ring matches. You don't know it. You don't know you'll be begging me 'n few years to sell you back that fist full 'f thirty-seven matches



**AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER—4 P. M.**

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**H**IS frock coat he adorns with orchid rare,  
Takes up his shiny lid and down the stair  
He hurries—"Say, don't call a cab, you dub!  
I'm merely going to walk down to my club,  
And I must get a breath or two of air."



An out-door walk will often put to flight  
That throbbing headache you acquired "last night".



## CORNERING MATCHES

you gave me f'r nothing, for neat sum 'f, lemme see, thirty-seven times—ah, yes, thirty-seven matches you gave me you'll pay \$185.'

"That's what I said to m'self, Harry, I pitied 'em. I do now. Say, funny thing happened in the park. Forgot all about lake, walked right into it. See, I'm soaking wet now. But what 'd I care?

"I ask you, Harry, as man to man, what 'd I care for wetting? I come down here to club, first night's work very sat'sfa'tory, ve-ry.

"I—what? WHAT!—Wet? Matches? WET!!! Won't light? Won't BURN? Lemme see—that's so. Spoiled in water in lake in park.

"My God, Harry, I'm ruined. Do you hear me? RUINED!

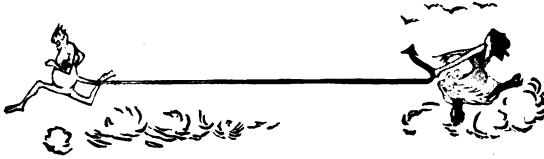
"Ev'ry pocket full, hat full, socks full, ev'ry one wet, soaked, soused, sozzled, damp. Dammit, Harry, I'm ruined. Lost more'n million dollars tonight.

"Perk'ns, bring me cushion for m' head. I'm going to sleep here in Morris chair. Harry, take notice how—er—stoically I take m' loss? Eh? What?"



**AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER—5 P.M.**

---



ONCE at his club, in leathern rocker wide,  
With smokes and tall gin rickey by his side  
He gazes down the street—the kind wind blows—  
He sizes up the variegated hose  
Or reads of scandals, wherein Virtue died.



A little scandal printed in the news  
Will take your mind, a moment, off the booze.





## AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER



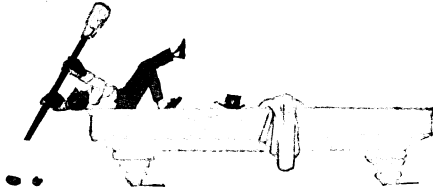
*THE ROUNDER FIRST ADMIT-  
TED TO THE BAR*

### MR. ROUNDER'S DEGREES

- A.A.—Associate Actorines.
- B.A.—Bachelor of Ankles.
- D.D.—Doctor Devilment.
- F.R.G.S.—Fellow of the Royal Good Sports.
- F.R.S.—Fellow Royal Souses.
- K. G.—Knight of the Garter.
- L.L.B.—Bachelor Late Lunches.
- L.L.D.—Doctor of Large Loads.
- M.A.—Master Anatomy.
- M. C.—Member of Cut-ups.
- M.D.—Doctor Merriment.



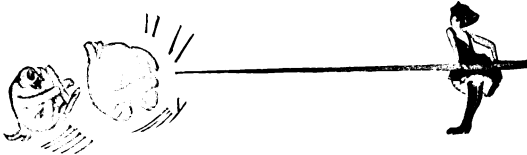
**AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER—6 P.M.**



**B**UT when the twilight draws its dusky shade  
And hides the lingerie by bold winds swayed  
He joins some friends, picks out his fav'rite cue,  
Orders his high-balls built from "mountain dew"  
And demonstrates how billiards should be played.



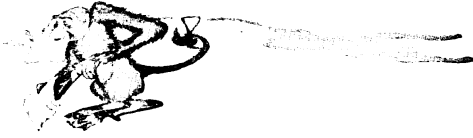
Poor man, too tired to even force his smiles,  
Will walk, while playing billiards, fifteen miles.





"THE ROUNDER'S AFFINITY"

AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER—7 P. M.




**I**N ev'ning clothes he hurries on his way  
To join his married sister, nor delay  
His promise that they'd dine—but unkind fate  
Made him forget he also had a date  
To dine with "Mazie" at the same cafe!



Legitimate excuses are the stuff  
But, being rare, man simply has to bluff.



## ORNAMENTS ON MR. ROUNDER'S MANTLEPIECE

- 
- 3 photos Miss Noode as "Salome."
  - 7 photos girls wearing spangles, etc.
  - 2 silver mounted flasks.
  - 11 pipes.
  - 3 ash trays.
  - 29 loose cigarettes.
  - 4 cigar butts.
  - 1 bottle bromo.
  - 5 collar buttons.
  - 1 dress tie.
  - 1 safety razor.
  - 6 blades for same.
  - 1 box headache tablets.
  - 1 shaving mug.
  - 1 bill for auto repairs (unpaid).
  - 1 bill for broken glass from Sherry's (not receipted).
  - 1 decanter (about two drinks left).
  - 1 blonde coronet braid (owner unknown).
  - 1 bottle cleaner for removing grease paint from broadcloth.
  - 4 letters in feminine hand.
  - 34 theatre checks.
  - 1 pair auto goggles.
  - 1 pocket testament (behind photo of Sapho).
  - 1 article resembling sleeve elastic.

**ROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER—8 P.M.**

---



**B**ACK to his club he finds a merry lot.  
Are they directors, meeting? They are—not.  
He takes a chair and joins that busy band,  
Calls for a stack of chips, then draws a hand,  
And starts the game by opening a pot.



It is an ancient jest, but true, I ween,  
That men, like lambs, love gambling on the green.



## ROUNDER'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

Blackstone on Breach of Promise.  
Reminiscences of Eva Tanguay.  
Balzac.  
Theatre Directory.  
Superior Court Rulings on Alimony.  
Guide to Suburban Inns.  
Eliot's Denatured Football Rules.  
Historical Affinities.  
Hoyle.  
Women of Every Nation (profusely  
illustrated).  
Wild Damsels I Have Met.  
Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV.  
Ancient Italian Tales.  
Base Ball Guide.  
Photogravures of Pompeian Bas Reliefs  
(privately printed).  
Origin of the Pony Ballet.  
Epigrams of Oscar Wilde.  
Roman Customs at the Time of Nero.  
Legall's "Blackmail, and How to Avoid It."  
Bankruptcy Proceedings and the Out-  
lawing of Debt.



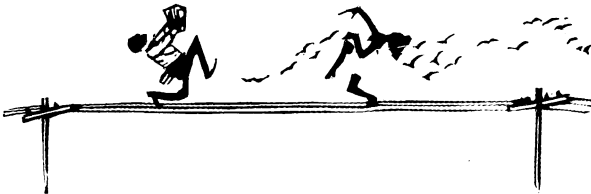
**ROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER—9 P.M.**



A PHONE call interrupts him in his play,  
It is from Dottie of the footlights gay,  
"Oh Jack," she says, "I've nothing on tonight."  
"I've seen the show," quoth he, "and you are right"  
And then he promises to break away.



Of all the fruit grown on the tree of Fate,  
There's none so appetizing as the "date."





## AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER

### THE ROUNDER'S FAVORITE

Flower — "Four O'Clock."

Author — "Mo(o)re."

Color — "Amber."

Jewel — "Pearl."

Fruit — "Peach."

Book — "Check."

Historical Character — "Jack Falstaff."

Promenade — "Primrose avenue."

Poem — "Fill the Goblet Again." —  
Byron.



**AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER—10 P.M.**

---




**H**E quits the game at last with gentle tact  
And cashes in the chips before him stacked,  
Then for the theatre in his limousine  
He makes a pungent trail of gasoline  
And sees the broilers in the final act.



Of many a show 'tis better far to see  
A single act than have to watch all three.



## THE ROUNDER'S TOOL CHEST

- 
- The illustration depicts a dark-colored tool chest with a white interior. The chest is open, revealing various items. On the left and right sides, there are vertical compartments. The left side has a small oval mirror at the top and a small rectangular mirror below it. The right side has a small oval mirror at the top and a small rectangular mirror below it. The bottom of the chest is lined with a dark material and features several small, colorful illustrations of tools and items, including a hammer, a saw, a wrench, a screwdriver, and a pair of pliers. The chest is decorated with red and white stripes along the edges of the compartments.
- 1 Bottle, "Nervine."
  - 1 Bottle, "Blue Raven Fits."
  - 1 Box, "Rouge Remover."
  - 1 Bottle of wash for blood-shot eyes.
  - 1 Bottle, Aromatic spirits ammonia.
  - 1 Bottle, cherries.
  - 1 Bottle, vermouth.
  - 1 Box, seidlitz powders.
  - 1 Box, "breathlets."
  - 1 Bottle, "bitters."
  - 1 Bottle cocktails.
  - 1 Box, Epsom salts.
  - 1 Bottle, "Old Tom."
  - 1 Bottle, "Third Rail."
  - 1 Bottle, "Cares Hair Vigor."
  - 1 Box, "Caskettes."
  - 1 Bottle, camphor.

**AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER—II P.M.**

---



**T**HE last high note, and higher kick, is o'er,  
He doesn't loiter there and wish for more  
But hustles for his chug-cart, starts the gear  
And makes straight for the alley in the rear  
Where Dottie greets him from the grim stage door.



The wise ones know the stage of life is gayer  
To cut the play and cultivate the player.



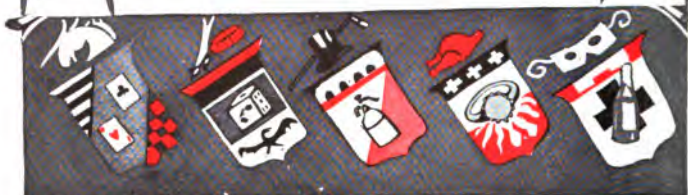
## AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER



*THE FIRST PERSON TO GET A  
DIVORCE FROM THE  
ROUNDER*

### ROUNDER'S MOTHER GOOSE RHYME

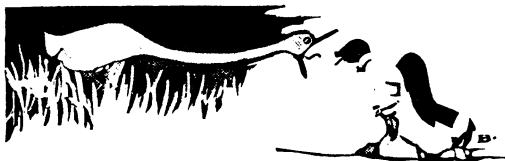
Hickery, dickery, dock,  
The mouse ran up the clock.  
'Twas one of those  
On Dottie's hose,  
So both got quite a shock.



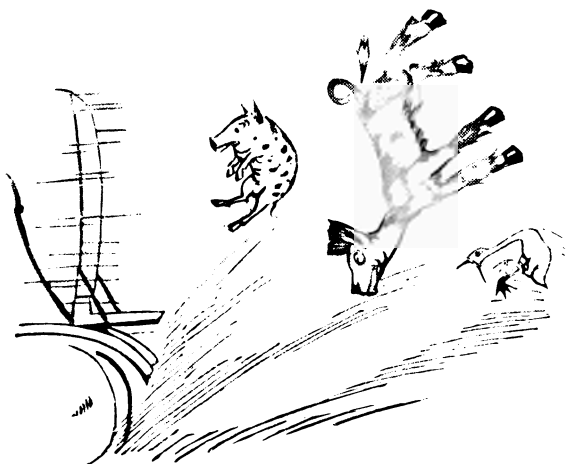
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AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER—12 M.

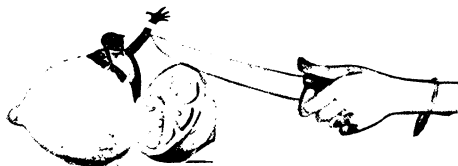
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A BUBBLE ride into the quiet night  
To put their petty troubles all to flight;  
They pause within the confines of the park  
And race across the greensward for a lark—  
It brings them both a mammoth appetite.



A mammoth appetite, the sages think,  
Requires little food and lots of drink.





MR. ROUNDER'S MANICURE SET

## AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER—1 A.M.



**A**N appetite is but a gift divine;  
Then, with the price, the only thing's to dine.  
Let gossips talk and scandal-mongers storm,  
They can't deny a show girl is "good form,"  
But heaven help us! How she hits the wine!



Ah, what's the use, we must admit, at least  
A bird, a bottle and a girl's a feast!





## AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER



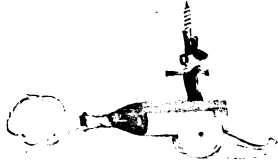
*THE ROUNDER ON THE FARM*  
*He is shaven honing his first Safety Razor*

### ROUNDER'S MOTHER GOOSE RHYME

Old Father Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard  
To quench his awful thirst.  
When he got there  
The cupboard was bare—  
His wife had been there first!



AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER—2 A.M.



AH, when the bubbles rise the troubles fall,  
The common things of life begin to pall;  
They think it's getting up to them, forsooth,  
To kick wide holes deep in the frescoed roof  
And so they join the bunch at some French ball.



Dear girls, to have you kick is such a treat,  
Providing it is done with just your feet.





*FIRST SKETCHES MADE BY THE  
ROUNDER, WHILE A CHILD  
OF NINE*

---

ROUNDER'S MOTHER GOOSE RHYME

---

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
How does your pompadour grow?  
Sometimes red and sometimes black,  
And sometimes with a golden glow!

**AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER—3 A. M.**



AT keeping up the dance they make a stab,  
But often pause to hit the wine a jab  
Until, at last, they quit the merry ball  
Because indoors seems stuffy and too small,  
And they prefer to cruise aboard a cab.



A yacht's the thing, of course, while on the sea ;  
So is a cab the thing while on a spree.



## AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER

### MR. ROUNDER'S IMPROVEMENT ON MR. FITZGERALD'S TRANSLA- TION OF OMAR

XII

" A book of verses underneath the  
Bough,  
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread and  
Thou—  
Sounds well enough, but why the loaf of  
bread ?  
It seems to me a jug of wine's  
enow !

XLII

" And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you  
press  
Ends in what All begins in—  
Yes—  
Believe me, brother, when I say 'twill  
take  
An ' absolute decree ' to end the  
mess !

LXXXII

" Oh Thou, who man of baser Earth did'st  
make,  
And e'en with Paradise devise the  
Snake—  
I never thought it was a Pippin,  
red  
But rather ' Grapes ' of which Eve did  
partake."



**A R O U N D T H E C L O C K W I T H T H E R O U N D E R—4 A.M.**



**H**E shakes the cabby, mounts the box and drives,  
Regardless of the danger to their lives;  
Adown the cobbled street the hoof-beats clash,  
He cannot clear the fountain, there's a crash,  
And straight into the limpid pool he dives.



Ah, when sobriety is on the blink  
How nat'ral 'tis to tumble in the drink !



## EXTRACT FROM MR. ROUNDER'S FIRST READER

### THE WAT-ER WAG-ON

Hoo-ray, Child-ren, here we have the Wat-er Wag-on, have we not? To be sure it is, and you all know that old con-un-drum that Sol-o-mon could not Ans-wer, "Why is a Wat-er Wag-on?" Well, Lit-tle Ones, you may Ans-wer it now by say-ing "Be-cause when you Fall off you can go back for a Chas-er!"

The Wat-er Wag-on is a Fig-ure of Speech O-ver-worked the First of the Year and Neg-lect-ed the Re-main-ing Fif-ty-One Weeks. To Climb on the Wat-er Wag-on is a Sign of an Ear-ly Fall. Ev-en the Driv-er has been known to Drop his Whip and Get Off af-ter it.

No one was ev-er known to stay on the Wat-er Wag-on long e-nough to Choke to Death.



AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER—5 A.M.



**H**IS wise chauffeur had trailed him down the street,  
And now he helps him to his dripping feet,  
Into the bubble cart they climb once more—  
"You've smashed my rig!" they hear the cabby roar,  
The chauffeur scorches on, for he's discreet.



When in a scrape, the wise man runs away  
And sends a soothing check around next day.





## AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER



"HOW HE GOT THE HABIT"

A hot old time has a cold gray finish.



AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER—6 A.M.



'TIS daylight now, beneath dawn's ruddy glow  
They straightway to the gladsome country go.  
"Awr gee!" says Dottie with a reckless grin,  
"We need the ozone of an early spin,  
Besides, the great unwashed can't rubber so!"



After a night of fizz and food and rye  
We're very apt to let discretion fly.





*EARLY PICTURE OF THE ROUNDER  
SHOWING FIRST SUIT BROUGHT  
AGAINST HIM*

*The Rounder was so unsophisticated at this time  
that he does not know (as picture shows),  
which end of his cigar to light.*

**AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER—7 A.M.**



**B**EHOLD, a country inn—they promptly stop,  
"Give us," they shout, "the best feed in your shop,  
A couple of chickens, nicely broiled, will do,  
Served in a cozy dining room for two."  
And then the "extra dry" begins to pop!



"Champagne at morn!" you shout in much dismay;  
Sure Mike, it's good each minute of the day.





*THE ROUNDER'S FIRST PET—  
A SWALLOW*

And still Anthony Comstock hasn't got  
anything on Salome.

**AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER—8 A.M.**

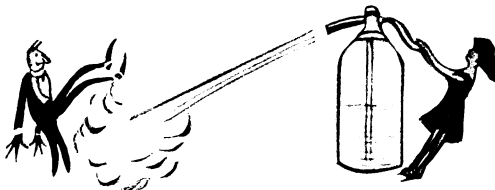
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THE stately trees about the lawn are whirled,  
The waving grass grows pink and long and curled,  
Old Pommery is dancing with Moselle  
While wicked Absinthe laughs at Muscatel—  
"Oh shay, ain't thish a funny, funny world?"



The primrose path amid the birds and bots  
Is bound to lead through many dizzy spots.



## AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER



*THE ROUNDER IN WAR—  
AMMUNITION GRAPE  
SHOT*

### MR. ROUNDER'S ETIQUETTE

#### ON MOTORING

French heels protruding from limousine windows are no longer considered classy.

It is considered quite vulgar to go back after you have run over a citizen. If you are at all curious you may read about it in the papers next morning.

A reversable auto number is a motorist's most valuable equipment.

Never try to run between the headlights of an approaching auto. Some of our most exclusive families have mingled with the landscape in sections as a result of attempting this.



**AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER—9 A.M.**

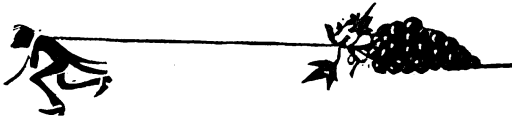
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**H**E braces up at last and pays the check,  
They race out for the auto, neck and neck.  
"I'll run the thing myself," he shouts in glee,  
But soon he gouges through an ancient tree—  
The wealthy wagon is a dandy wreck.

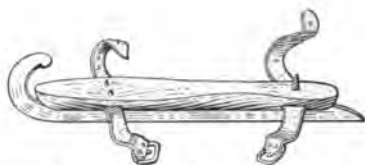


A fearful jolt, it has been truly said,  
Will help to clear the most befuddled head.





## AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER



### *THE ROUNDER'S FIRST SKATE*

#### MR. ROUNDER'S ETIQUETTE

##### ON SOCIETY

It is a wise man who knows when it is safe to give his real name.

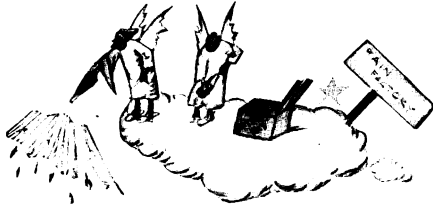
Full evening dress should never be worn in the forenoon except when going home.

When with your family and Dottie Footlights bows to you, explain that she is the stenographer at the office who subbed while the regular stenographer was away.

Avoid tentative engagements. They are harder to break.



**AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER—10 A.M.**



**A**LTHOUGH unharmed, they make remarks profane,  
Nor do they bless the sudden fall of rain;  
But hand in hand they do a hurried hike  
Adown the rustic and the sodden pike  
In time to climb aboard a city train.



When ev'ning clothes are worn along toward noon  
Those lengthy auto coats are quite a boon.



## MORE OF MR. ROUNDER'S EPIGRAMS

If you think marriage is a lottery — let  
it go at that.

Marry in haste — beat it for Reno.

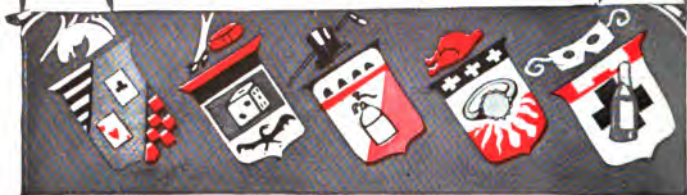
Lies were invented by Adam who  
had to answer a lot of questions.

He who'll kiss and run away will live  
to kiss some other day.

A "friend in need" is what most of  
them are.

Where there's a "Will" there's a  
"Mary."

What do you expect on a swan-like  
neck except a goose head?



**AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER—11 A.M.**



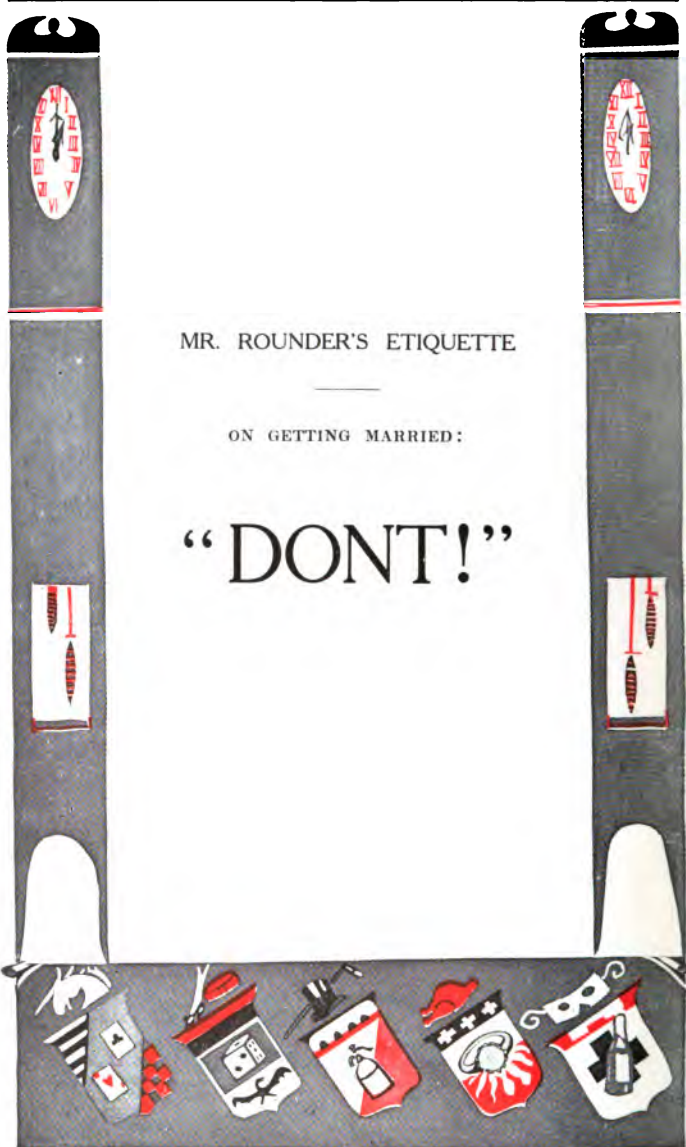
**T**HE cabby, wise, just tips his fuzzy hat,  
Then steers them to his cab and says "Where at?"  
She gives the address, sinks into the seat,  
Soon they are rumbling through the busy street,  
And then he leaves her at her humble flat.



Whene'er a maid must frame a good excuse  
'Tis seldom man can be of any use.



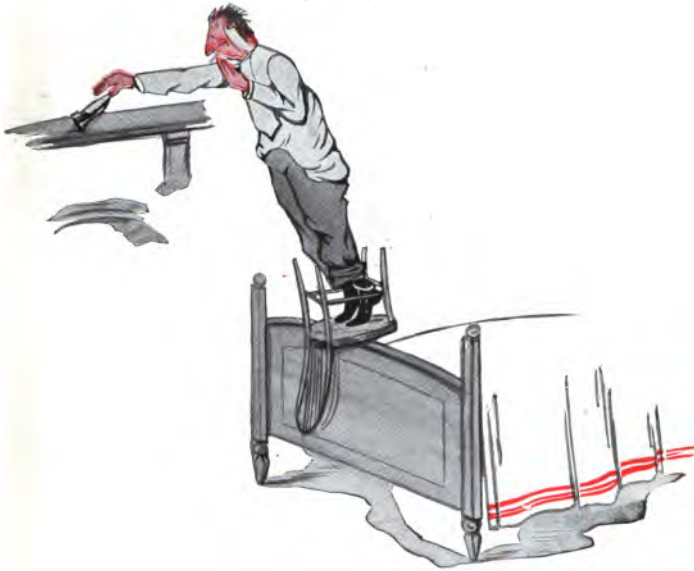
AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER



AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE ROUNDER—12 M.



IT is high noon, the hours are twenty-four  
Since last the Rounder gaily left his door;  
Once more his shoes go on the mantel nigh,  
Once more he rubs each blood-shot glassy eye,  
Then lays him down and promptly starts to snore.



We leave him to strike out, as Omar'd say,  
"Unborn Tomorrow and dead Yesterday."



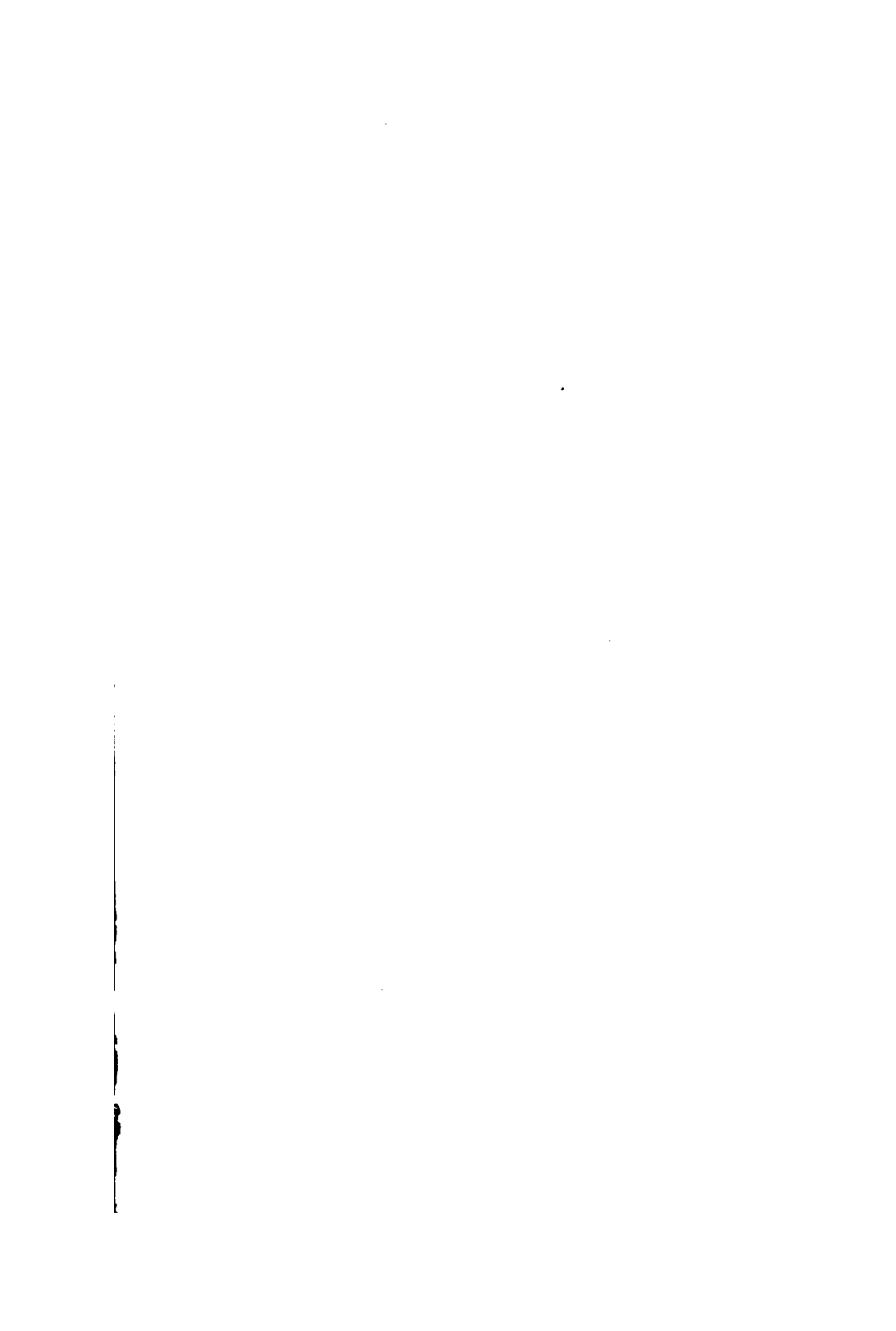
AS I WOULD HAVE WRITTEN IT

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And when like all, oh Reader, you shall  
pass  
Among the Sports now silent 'neath the  
grass,  
And on your final round shall reach the  
spot  
Where I make One—bring me a long, cool  
glass!

A. ROUNDER

(The End)











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